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Translated for this Journal.

Mendelssohn at Rome and at Leipsic.

By HECTOR BERLIOZ.

[Berlioz, in his "Musical Tour in Germany," describes his first visit to Leipsic in a letter to his friend Stephen Heller. This was in 1843, when he met Mendelssohn for the second time; and on this occasion he recalls their first youthful acquaintance at Rome in 1831. We translate a portion of the letter.]

On quitting Weimar, the musical city which I could most easily visit, was Leipsic. Yet I hesitated about presenting myself there, in spite of the dictatorship with which Mendelssohn was there invested, and of the friendly relations that united us at Rome, in 1831. We had followed since this epoch two such diverging lines in Art, that I confess I feared I should not find very lively sympathies in him. Chéclard, who knew him, made me blush at my doubt, and I wrote to him. I had not to wait long for an answer; here it is:

"MY DEAR BERLIOZ:—I thank you heartily for your good letter, and for your still cherishing the memory of our Roman friendship! As for me, I never shall forget it, and I rejoice that I shall soon be able to tell you so *vivà voce*. All that I can do

to render your sojourn at Leipsic happy and agreeable, I shall do as a pleasure and as a duty. I think I can assure you that you will be contented with the city, that is to say, with the musicians and the public. I was not willing to write you without consulting several persons who knew Leipsic better than I do, and they have all confirmed me in the opinion that you will make here an excellent concert. The expenses of orchestra, hall, announcements, &c., are about 110 crowns: the receipts may amount to from 600 to 800 crowns. You ought to be here to fix the programme, and whatever else is necessary, at least ten days beforehand. Furthermore, the directors of the Society of Subscription Concerts charge me to ask you if you are willing to have one of your works performed in the concert to be given on the 22d of February, for the benefit of the poor of the city. I hope you will accept their proposition after the concert which you shall have given on your own account. I beg you, then, to come here as soon as you can leave Weimar. I rejoice that I shall be able to clasp your hand and bid you 'welcome' in Germany. Do not laugh at my bad French, as you did at Rome, but continue to be my good friend, as you were then, and as I shall ever be your devoted

"FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTOLDY."

Could I resist an invitation couched in such terms? . . . I set out for Leipsic, not without regretting Weimar and the new friends I left there. My connection with Mendelssohn had commenced at Rome in rather an odd fashion. At our first interview he spoke to me of my Cantata of "Sardanapalus," which had been crowned at the Institute of Paris, and of which my co-laureate, Montfort, had let him hear some portions. When I myself manifested to him a real aversion to the first Allegro of the said Cantata: "Yes, yes," exclaimed he, full of joy, "I make you my compliment . . . upon your taste! I feared that you would not be contented with that Allegro; frankly, it is quite miserable!" We came near quarreling the next day because I had spoken with enthusiasm of Gluck, and he replied to me in a tone of raillery and surprise: "Ah! you love Gluck!"—as much as to say: "How can a musician, such as you seem to me to be, have enough elevation in his ideas, or a lively sentiment enough of grandeur of style and truth of expression, to love Gluck!" I soon had an opportunity to avenge myself on this little taunt. I had brought from Paris the air of Asteria in the Italian opera *Telemaco*; an admirable *morceau*, but little known. I placed on Montfort's piano

a manuscript copy of this, without the name of the author, one day when we were expecting a visit from Mendelssohn. He came; seeing this music, which he took to be a fragment of some modern Italian opera, he set himself at work as a matter of duty to execute it, and at the four last measures, at the words: *O giorno! O dolce sguardi! O rimembranza! O amor!*, whose musical accent is truly sublime, as he parodied them in a grotesque fashion, counterfeiting Rubini, I stopped him, and with a confused air of astonishment, I said:

"Ah! you don't love Gluck!"

"How! Gluck!"

"Alas! yes, my dear, this piece is his and not Bellini's, as you thought. You see that I am of your opinion . . . more so than yourself!"

He never pronounced the name of Sebastian Bach without ironically adding: "your little pupil!" In short, he was a very porcupine, whenever there was talk of music; one knew not on what side to take him to avoid getting wounded. Endowed with an excellent character, with a sweet and charming humor, he easily bore contradiction upon everything else, and I in my turn abused his tolerance in the philosophical and religious discussions which we sometimes raised.

One evening, we were exploring together the baths of Caracalla, debating the question of the merit or demerit of human actions and their remuneration during this life. As I replied with some enormity, I knew not what, to his entirely religious and orthodox opinions, his foot slipped, and down he rolled, with many scratches and contusions, in the ruins of a very hard staircase. "Admire the divine justice," said I, helping him to rise; "it is I who blaspheme, and it is you who fall!" This impiety, accompanied with peals of laughter, appeared to him too much, it seemed, and from that time religious discussions were always avoided.

It was at Rome that I for the first time appreciated that delicate and fine musical tissue, variegated with such rich colors, which bears the name: "Overture to Fingal's Cave" (*Die Hebriden*). Mendelssohn had just finished it, and he gave me a pretty exact idea of it; such is his prodigious skill in rendering on the piano the most complicated scores. Often, on days that weighed one down with the *sirocco*, I went to interrupt him in his labors (for he was an indefatigable producer); then he would lay down the pen with a very good grace, and, seeing me all swollen with

spleen, he would seek to mitigate it by playing to me what I designated among the works of masters whom we both loved. How many times, suddenly stretched upon his sofa, I have sung the air from "Iphigenia in Tauris": *D'une image, hélas! trop chérie*, which he accompanied, decently seated before his piano. And he cried out: "That is beautiful! beautiful! I could hear it from morning to night, always, always!" And we recommenced. He was very fond also of making me murmur, with my constrained voice and in that horizontal position, two or three melodies which I had written to verses of Moore, and which pleased him. Mendelssohn has always had a great esteem for my . . . *chansonnetes*. After a month of such intercourse, which had finished with becoming so full of interest for me, Mendelssohn disappeared without bidding me adieu, and I saw him not again. Consequently his letter, which I have just quoted, must have caused me a very agreeable surprise. It seemed to reveal in him a kindness of heart, an amenity of manners, which I had not known in him: I was not slow to recognize, upon arriving in Leipsic, that these excellent qualities were actually his. He has lost nothing at all of the inflexible rigor of his principles of Art; but he does not seek to impose them on you violently, and he limits himself, in the exercise of his functions as chapel-master, to exhibiting what he judges beautiful, and leaving in the shade what seems to him bad or of a pernicious example. Only he is always a little too partial to the dead.

The Society of Subscription Concerts, of which he had spoken to me, is very numerous and could not be better composed; it possesses a magnificent Academy of Singing, an excellent orchestra and a hall, that of the Gewandhaus, of a perfect sonority. It was in this vast and beautiful place that I was to give my concert. I went to see it as soon as I got out of the carriage; and I happened there precisely in the midst of the general rehearsal of a new work of Mendelssohn (the "Walpurgis Night.") I was marvellously struck at the outset by the beautiful *timbre* of the voices, by the intelligence of the singers, the precision and *verve* of the orchestra, and above all by the splendor of the composition. I am strongly inclined to regard this species of oratorio (*La Nuit du Sabbat*) as the most finished thing that Mendelssohn has produced to this day. The poem is Goethe's, and has nothing in common with the scene of the witches' sabbath in "Faust." It is founded on the nocturnal assemblies held on the mountains, in the first days of Christianity, by a religious sect faithful to the ancient customs, at a time when sacrifices upon the high places had been interdicted. Their custom was, during the nights destined to the holy work, to station in the mountain passes a great number of armed sentinels, covered with strange disguises. At a given signal, and when the priest ascending to the altar intoned the sacred hymn, this troop, of diabolical aspect, brandishing their pitchforks and their torches with a frightful air, set up all sorts of noises and terrific cries, to cover the voices of the religious choir and to frighten the profane ones who might be tempted to interrupt the ceremony. From this, no doubt, has sprung the custom in the French language of using the word *sabbath* as synonymous with a great noise at night. One must hear Mendelssohn's music to have an idea of the varied resources which this poem offered to an able com-

poser. He has turned it to admirable account. His score is of a perfect clearness, in spite of its complexity; the vocal and instrumental effects cross, contradict, and jostle each other in every way, with an apparent disorder which is the height of art. I will cite especially, as magnificent things in two opposite genera, the mysterious piece of the placing of the sentinels, and the final chorus, where the voice of the priest rises at intervals, calm and pious, above the infernal fracas of the troop of quasi sorcerers and demons. One knows not which to praise most in this finale: the orchestra, or the chorus, or the whirlwind movement of the whole! It is a masterpiece!

At the moment when Mendelssohn, full of joy at having produced it, came down from the desk, I advanced, in raptures at having heard it. The moment for such a meeting could not have been better chosen; and yet, after exchanging the first words, the same sad thought struck us both simultaneously:

"How! it is twelve years! twelve years! since we dreamed together in the Campagna at Rome!"

"Yes, and in the baths of Caracalla!"

"Oh! always a mocker! always ready to laugh!"

"No, no, I rail no more; it was to try your memory and see if you had pardoned me my impieties. So little am I disposed to raillery, that now, from our first interview, I am going to beg you very seriously to make me a bequest to which I attach the greatest value."

"What may it be?"

"Give me the bâton, with which you have just conducted the rehearsal of your new work."

"Oh! very willingly, on condition that you will send me yours."

"I should then be giving brass for gold; no matter, I consent."

And so the musical sceptre of Mendelssohn was brought to me. The next day, I sent him my heavy oak stick, with the following note, which, I trust, the "Last of the Mohicans" would not have disowned:

"To Chief MENDELSSOHN!—"

"Great Chief! We have promised to exchange our tomahawks; here is mine! It is larger, thine is simple; only the squaws and the pale faces love ornamented weapons. Be my brother! and when the Great Spirit shall have sent us to hunt in the land of spirits, may our warriors hang up our tomahawks together in the hall of council."

Such is, in all its simplicity, the fact, which an innocent malice has wished to render ridiculously dramatic. Mendelssohn, when it came to the matter of organizing my concert, a few days after, really acted like a brother in my behalf. The first artist whom he presented to me as his *fidus Achates*, was the concert-master David, an eminent musician, a composer of merit and a distinguished violinist. David, who moreover speaks French perfectly, was of great service to me.

(Conclusion next week.)

STIRRING THE FIRE IN TIME.—A gentleman at a musical party, where the lady was very particular not to have the concert of sweet sounds interrupted, was freezing during the performance of a long concert piece, and seeing that the fire was going out, asked a friend in a whisper:—"How he should stir the fire without interrupting the music?" "Between the bars," replied his friend.

GRÉTRY.

The composer of the music of "*Richard Cœur de Lion*," was born at Liege, a well-known town in Westphalia, in the year 1741. At an early age he became sensible to the charms of music, and, to this sensibility, when he was only four years old, he was near falling a sacrifice. It is related of him, that being left alone in a room where some water was boiling in an iron pot over a wood fire, the sound caught his ear, and for some time he amused himself by dancing to it. The curiosity of the child, however, at length prompted him to uncover the vessel, and in so doing he overset it; the water fell upon and dreadfully scalded him from head to foot. From the care and attention that were paid to him by his parents and medical attendant, he at length recovered in every respect from this accident, except having a weakness of sight, which continued ever afterwards. When he was six years old his father (a teacher of music) placed him in the choir of the collegiate church of St. Denis, and unfortunately, but necessarily, under the tuition of a master who was brutal and inhuman to all his pupils. Young Grétry had his full share of ill-treatment; yet such was his attachment to this man, that he never could prevail upon himself to disclose it to his father, fearing that by his influence the chapter might be induced to take some steps that would be injurious to him. An accident, which for a time put a stop to his studies, deserves to be related here. It was usual at Liege to tell children that God will grant to them whatever they ask of him at their first communion: young Grétry had long proposed to pray on that occasion that he might immediately die if he were not destined to be an honest man, and a man of eminence in his profession. On that very day, having gone to the top of the tower to see the men strike the wooden bells which are always used during the Passion week, a beam of considerable weight fell on his head, and laid him senseless upon the floor. A person who was present ran for the extreme unction; but on his return he found the youth upon his legs. On being shown the heavy log that had fallen upon him,—"Well, well," he exclaimed, "since I am not killed, I am now sure that I shall be an honest man and a good musician." He did not at first appear to have sustained any serious injury, but his mouth was full of blood, and the next day a depression of the cranium was discovered; on which, however, no operation was attempted, and which was suffered to continue. From this time, but whether owing to the accident or not, it is not known, his disposition was considerably altered. His former gaiety gave way in a great measure to sadness, and never afterwards returned, except at intervals. On his return to the choir he acquitted himself by no means to the satisfaction of his father, who for a time withdrew him for the purpose of his receiving further instruction. He was now placed under the care of a master as mild as the other had been severe. When his father replaced him in the choir, his improvement both in singing and playing was found to have been very great. The first time he sang in the choir, the orchestra, delighted with his voice, and fearing to lose the sound of it, was reduced to the pianissimo; the children of the choir around him drew back from respect; almost all the canons left their seats, and were deaf to the bell that announced the elevation of the Host. All the chapter, all the city, all the actors of the Italian Theatre applauded him; and the savage master himself took him by the hand, and told him that he would become a musician of great eminence.

Some little time afterwards his voice began to break. It would then have been prudent to have forbidden his singing; but this not being done, a spitting of blood was brought on, to which, on any exertion, he was ever afterwards subject. Not long subsequently to this he was placed under the care of Moreau; but such was the exuberance of his genius, that he had previously attempted several of the most complicated kinds of music. "I composed six symphonies," says Grétry, "which were successfully executed in our city. M. Hasler, the canon, begged me to let him carry them to the concert. He encouraged me greatly, ad-

vised me to go to Rome in order to pursue my studies, and offered me his purse. My master in composition thought this little success would be mischievous to me, and prevent me from pursuing that regular course of study so necessary to my becoming a sound contrapuntist. He never mentioned my symphonies." Grétry walked to Rome in the early part of 1759, being then only eighteen years of age. Here, in order that his genius might be as much unfettered as possible, he studied under several masters, and he almost every day visited the churches in order to hear the music of Casali, Eurisechio, and Lustrini, but particularly that of the former, with which he was greatly delighted. The ardour with which he pursued his studies was so great, that it suffered him to pay but little attention to his health. This consequently became much impaired, and he was obliged for a while to leave Rome and retire into the country. One day, on Mount Millini, he met a hermit, who gave him an invitation to his retreat, which he accepted, and he became his inmate and companion for three months. He returned to Rome, and, young as he then was, he distinguished himself by the composition of an intermezzo, entitled "*Le Vendemiatrice*." His success was so decisive that he was very near suffering fatally from the jealousy of a rival in his profession.

Admired and courted in the capital of Italy, Grétry here continued his labors and his studies with assiduity and perseverance, till Mr. Mellon, a gentleman in the suite of the French ambassador, incited in him a desire to visit Paris. In his way to that city in the year 1767, he stopped at Geneva, and there composed his first French opera of "*Isabelle et Gertrude*." Respecting the performance of this work he relates an amusing anecdote. "One of the performers in the orchestra, a dancing-master, came to me in the morning previously to the representation, to inform me that some young people intended to call for me on the stage with acclamation at the end of the piece, in the same manner as at Paris. I told him I had never seen that done in Italy. 'You will, however, see it here,' says he, 'and you will be the first composer who has received this honor in our republic.' It was in vain for me to dispute the point; he would absolutely teach me the bow that I was to make with a proper grace. As soon as the opera was finished they called for me sure enough, and with great vehemence, I was obliged to appear to thank the audience for their indulgence; but my friend in the orchestra cried out aloud, 'Poh! that is not it!—not at all!—but get along!'—'What's the matter?' asked his brethren in the orchestra. 'I am out of all patience,' said the dancing-master. 'I went to his lodgings this morning, on purpose to show him how to present himself nobly; and did you ever see such an awkward booby?' It was some time before Grétry could obtain in Paris a piece to compose; and he was first introduced to public notice there, in 1768, by writing the music to Marmontel's opera "*Le Huon*." This met with the most flattering success. The opera of "*Lucile*" followed, which was even more successful. His fame was now established in France, and he produced near thirty comic operas for the great opera house in Paris. Of these "*Zemire et Azor*," and "*Richard Cœur de Lion*," have been translated and successfully brought on the English stage. The taste of the Parisians tended greatly to corrupt that of Grétry; but he has done much towards improving theirs: they have met about half way; and perhaps the genius of the French language, the style of singing, and the national prejudices, even if he had determined to continue inflexible, could not have admitted of a nearer approximation than we find in his music. Sacchini has been known to say of Grétry, that he remembered him at Naples, where he regarded him as a young man of great genius, who wrote as much in the style of that school as even any of the Italian masters; but that when he heard his comic opera at Paris, many years afterwards, he did not find that his style had much improved by composing to French words and for French singers. Grétry, during the times of anarchy in France, became tainted with revolutionary principles: he went so far as to publish a work on the subject

of religion, intitled, "*De la vérité de ce que nous fumes, ce que nous sommes, et ce que nous devons être*," which shows him also to have been deeply tinctured with infidelity. He died at Montmorency on the 24th of September, 1813.

The Gondolier's Song.

From "*Venice*," by EDMOND FLAGG.

The voices of the gondoliers are more remarkable for strength than for sweetness—for power than melody: yet, at night, in the open air, at a distance, on the Lagune, the Giudecca, or the Grand Canal, singly or accompanied by half a dozen other voices, nothing can be more delightful than the song of the Venetian gondolier. "Idle and alone in his barque, awaiting his company, or his fare, he abbreviates the night and breaks the silence of the Lagune. Solitary in the heart of a crowded city, he sends his voice over the tranquil mirror; and the sleepy canals, the calm of the heaven, the splendor of the moon, the shadows of the lofty palaces prolonged on the water, the distant moaning of the Adriatic, the noiseless gliding of the sable gondolas, which move like spirits hither and thither—no rattling of wheels, no echo of footsteps, only the fitful and unfrequent plash of an oar—all these circumstances impart an indescribable charm to these world-renowned melodies." The wives and children of the fishermen of the Adriatic are said, at nightfall, to go down to the sea-shore of the Chioggia, Malamocco, Pelestrina, and the Lido, and shout their well-known and not unmusical songs, until each can distinguish in the distance, through the twilight, over the waves, the husband's and father's peculiar response. A like custom is said to prevail in the Tyrol.

But nowhere is the "Gondolier's Song" so indescribably charming as on the Grand Canal of a moonlight midsummer night. This is the great *salon musicale* of Venice; and, upon principles of acoustics, is admirably calculated to heighten harmonious effect. The silence of the night, the gondola gliding noiselessly over a waveless surface which acts like a harmonic mirror on the voice; the *facades* of marble palaces on either side, with their overhanging balconies, their open portals, their endless halls and galleries, and their leafy gardens beyond, augmenting without echo, the intensity of the sounds, all concur to aid effect. At midnight you stand on the *Pergola* of the Palazzo Buzinello, opposite the *Posta*, the ancient Palazzo Grimani. You hear the accord of distant voices rising on the still night. A choir of gondoliers in their barques are slowly ascending from the Molo, half a mile below, and singing "*La Biandina*," as they advance. The voices are full and round, the harmony perfect—air, tenor, bass, counter—every part is complete. The moon is riding high over the slumbering city in a cloudless sky—the marble piles are throwing their deep shadows over the slumbering canal; the *trabaccoli*, lying at anchor, seen slumbering, too. Nearer—nearer—nearer—by a *crescendo* which no art can match, the barque and the *barcarola* approach: louder and louder rise the notes on the ear, until, at length, beneath your balcony, the song has attained its *fortissimo*. It passes—the rougher sounds soften—they lessen—they lessen, as the barque ascends. At length it is beneath the Rialto arch, which, for a moment with its echoes, augments and rounds the air. It passes on—it turns the winding of the stream—it dies away—it is dead—it is gone! You hear no more; but you listen still; you listen—hushed—entranced—your very soul absorbed in the departed harmony. You draw a long breath—you speak to the friend at your side—your voice sounds to you harsh—you relapse into silence; and for hours after, those sweet melodies play like a rapture around your heart. And your thoughts, your dreaming fancies—they are far, far away—away from fair Venice, away from Italy, away from the grand Old World, away over the wide, wild ocean—away—at your home! Who that has listened to the moonlight, midnight serenade of the Venetian gondolier, can, while his life lasts, forget?"

A Novel Violin.

[The X. Y. *Mirror* thus describes an arrangement called "Robertson's Keyed Stop Violin," at the Crystal Palace:—]

This is a new and excellent arrangement, consisting of a finger-board made of ebony, with thirty-three stops, called key stops, which stand above the strings, projecting one-sixteenth of an inch, and acting upon them perpendicularly; which must be admitted by all who know anything of the instrument to be a great desideratum. The violin is universally conceded to be the king of all instruments, and the very simplicity of its construction makes its mastery a matter of the utmost difficulty.

A beginner finds it almost impossible to hit with his finger the exact place upon the string to produce the proper note. Formerly this could only be attained by long practice, coupled even then with a correct musical ear and a sound judgment; now, thanks to this ingenious and simple contrivance, it is impossible to produce a false note, and the progress of the player is so greatly facilitated, that the study of the instrument, and its practice, are pleasant and easy.

The performer does not bother his brains about the scale—this does not exist in his mind at all as formerly it did, but is brought out to view at a glance, and the execution becomes purely mechanical. The tone of the instrument is not sacrificed a particle, and the most critical could not detect without the aid of the eye, whether this stop-board was on or off of any instrument. This board may easily be attached to any violin, and may be removed at pleasure.

This scale is laid out by ear, by the Harmonics and by a correct mathematical rule, which enables a new beginner, no matter how unpractised or unmusical his ear, to play the tune without producing those discordant sounds that always make us anathematize the practising of tyros upon this instrument. We are told that Spohr, of Germany, the greatest teacher of the age, fingers the violin upon the scale adopted by this inventor. They are manufactured at 181 Broadway, at a price (\$10 and upwards) that places them within the reach of all.

Spohr in England.

The London *Musical World*, of July 16, has the following:

We are informed that Dr. Spohr will not remain in London to conduct the opera of *Jessonda*, at the Royal Italian Opera. The presence of the illustrious composer being demanded at home, it is, we believe, his intention to start on Wednesday next for Cassel.

Since his arrival in London, Dr. Spohr has been reviving old and achieving new artistic triumphs. On the day of his coming he attended the Quartet Association of MM. Sainton, Cooper, and Piatti, where he heard a very fine performance of his *Nonetto* for stringed and wind instruments. At the eighth concert of the Old Philharmonic Society, his Historical Symphony (in G, No. 6) was given. On both occasions, being recognised among the audience, Dr. Spohr was compelled to rise from his place to receive their felicitations. At the fifth concert of the New Philharmonic Society, the performance of his "Concert-Overture," and the overture to *Jessonda*, and at the last the execution of his Quartet with orchestral accompaniments, the Symphony for two orchestras, and the overture to *Der Berggeist*, under his own direction, added new laurels to the brow of the great musician. Again, at the closing *séance* of Mr. Ella's Musical Union, a new *sestet* in C major, for stringed instruments, was produced—a work which, while showing all the experience of age, displays in an astonishing degree that freshness and spontaneity which are supposed only to belong to youth. One of the last chamber productions of Dr. Spohr, this *sestet* is equally one of the finest and most captivating of them all.

In private circles the illustrious composer has been fêted as usual. At his own house he has received his friends, and made them acquainted

with some new quartets of his own composition. His activity is remarkable, and his vigor and artistic enthusiasm are as extraordinary as though forty instead of seventy had numbered the winters of his life. Last night, Dr. Spohr was received at the *Réunion des Arts*, where a programme, containing much of his own music, was performed in his honor. The fine quintet in G began the concert, Dr. Spohr (in consequence of the indisposition of Herr Molique, who was to have led it) himself filling the first violin. Every one present paid homage to the great composer, who bore the honor lavished upon him with his usual calm and modest dignity.

It is said that Dr. Spohr considers this his last visit to England. Not so we hope. His occasional appearance among us is indispensable to put fresh blood into the veins of our musicians. The example of such a man is precious, and his personal presence gives it immediate weight and consequence.

MUSIC.—Let taste and skill in this beautiful art be spread among us, and every family will have a new resource. Home will gain a new attraction. Social intercourse will be more cheerful, and an innocent public amusement will be furnished to the community. Public amusements, bringing multitudes together to kindle with one emotion, to share the same innocent joy, have a humanizing influence; and among these bonds of society perhaps no one produces so much unmixed good as music. What a fulness of enjoyment has our Creator placed within our reach, by surrounding us with an atmosphere which may be shaped into sweet sounds! And yet this goodness is almost lost upon us, through want of culture of the organ by which this provision is to be enjoyed.—*Dr. Channing on Temperance.*

A Musical Parson.

Dr. Ford, the rector of Melton, England, was an enthusiast in music, very singular in his manner, and a great humorist. His passion for sacred music was publicly known from his constant attendance at most of the musical festivals in the kingdom. One who knew him says, "I have frequently met him, and always found him in ecstasies with Handel's music, especially 'The Messiah.' His admiration of this work was carried to such an excess, that he told me he never made a journey from Melton to Leicester, that he did not sing it quite through. His performance served as a pedometer by which he could ascertain his progress on the road. As soon as he had crossed Melton bridge he began the overtures, and always found himself in the chorus 'Lift up your heads,' when he arrived at Brooksby gate, 'Thanks be to God' the moment he got through the Thurmaston toll gate. As the pace of his horse was pretty regular, he contrived to conclude the Amen chorus always at the cross in the Belgrave gate. Though a very pious person, eccentricity was at times not restrained even in the pulpit. It need not be stated that he had a pretty good opinion of his own vocal powers. Once, when the clerk was giving out the tune, he stopped him, saying, 'John, you have pitched too low—follow me,' then clearing up his voice, he lustily began the tune. When the psalmody went to his mind, he enjoyed it, and in paroxysms of delight, would dangle one or both of his legs over the side of the pulpit during the singing. When preaching a charity sermon at Melton, some gentlemen of the hunt entered the church rather late. He stopped, and cried out, 'Here they come; here come the red coats; they know their Christain duties. There is not a man among them that is not good for a guinea!' The doctor was himself a performer. I think it was at the Birmingham festival that he was sitting with his book upon his knee, humming music to the performers, to the great annoyance of an attentive listener, who said, 'I did not pay to hear you sing.' 'Then,' said the doctor, 'you have that into the bargain.'"

When a true genius appears, all the dunces are leagued against him

TO A WILD FLOWER.

[We find this beautiful little poem in a volume entitled *Poetical Aspirations*, by William Anderson. That a poet who can write such things, should be so little known, is a strong signification of the difficulty which characterizes the present age, with all its advantages, of attaining almost any degree of literary celebrity.—*Chambers' Pocket Miscellany.*]

In what delightful land,
Sweet-scented flower, did'st thou attain thy birth?
Thou art no offspring of the common earth,
By common breezes fanned.

Full oft my gladdened eye
In pleasant glade or river's marge has traced
(As if there planted by the hand of taste)
Sweet flowers of every dye.

But never did I see,
In mead or mountain, or domestic bower,
'Mong many a lovely and delicious flower,
One half so fair as thee!

Thy beauty makes rejoice
My inmost heart. I know not how 'tis so—
Quick coming fancies thou dost make me know,
For fragrance is thy voice.

And still it comes to me,
In quiet night, and turmoil of the day,
Like memory of friends gone far away,
Or, haply, ceased to be.

Together we'll commune,
As lovers do, when, standing all apart,
No one o'erhears the whispers of the heart,
Save the all-silent moon.

Thy thoughts I can divine,
Although not uttered in vernacular words;
Thou me remind'st of songs of forest birds;
Of venerable wine;

Of earth's fresh shrubs and roots;
Of summer days, when men their thirsting slake
In the cool fountain or the cooler lake,
While eating wood-grown fruits.

Thy leaves my memory tell
Of sights and scents, and sounds that come again,
Like ocean's murmurs, when the balmy strain
Is echoed in its shell.

The meadows in their green,
Smooth-running waters in the far-off ways,
The deep-voiced forest, where the hermit prays,
In thy fair face are seen.

Thy home is in the wild,
'Mong sylvan shades, near music-haunted springs,
Where peace dwells all apart from earthly things,
Like some secluded child.

The beauty of the sky,
The music of the woods, the love that stirs
Wherever nature charms her worshippers,
Are all by thee brought nigh.

I shall not soon forget
What thou hast taught me in thy solitude;
My feelings have acquired a taste of good,
Sweet flower! since first we met.

Thou bring'st unto the soul
A blessing and a peace, inspiring thought;
And dost the goodness and the power denote
Of Him who formed the whole.

Whistling a Psalm-Tune.

[From 'The Church-Goer,' published in the *Mass. Life-Boat*.]

We were, some years ago, paying a visit in Devonshire, England, and of course on the Sunday accompanied our friends to their parish church. It was one of those sweet rural places which it does one's heart good to go to; the ancient ivy-clad tower rose from amidst its multitude of surrounding graves, on which, as we passed towards the porch, sat the villagers, chatting on various topics. It was what is called Palm, or Flowering Sunday, and according to immemorial custom, every grave in that country churchyard was covered with flowers. We shall not, however, attempt to describe minutely the scene which ensued on the Parson's arrival, nor tell how, as he passed down

the churchyard walk, with his rusty cassock flying in the breeze, his sermon-book in one hand, and a huge clasped prayer-book under his arm, he with his right hand stroked the heads of the children near him, or courteously lifted his shovel hat, in acknowledgement of the bows of aged folk; nor how we observed a pale, consumptive-looking girl sitting on a tomb, (appropriate resting place for her) supported by her grandmother, watching, with large, hopeful, languid eye, for a smile from the good man whom she knew she should not hear many times more; nor how young bumpkins, with buxom girls on their arms, pulled front locks with their big fist, and blushed stupidly; nor, when we entered the sacred building and the service commenced, how the church was decorated with evergreens; nor how the ambitious choir, consisting of a bass viol, two fiddles, (neither of them being a Stradivarius nor a Cremona,) a reedy sounding clarinet, (it had been bought at a great bargain at a pawn shop in the neighboring town,) a bassoon, and a fife, executed "Awake my soul, and with the sun," in a very extraordinary style and manner; nor how all the little charity children in the gallery bawled prodigiously, nor how the cracked voices of the alms-house people quavered at the end of every verse, long after the other people had done singing, to the great indignation of the red-nosed beadle, who looked at the poor old creatures as if they had not souls worthy of singing at all when the Squire was present. We merely supply the outlines, the reader's imagination will readily fill them up.

One of the psalms of the day was written in a peculiarly "peculiar metre," or "perculer," as the clerk pronounced it; and, unfortunately, neither the fiddles, nor the bassoon, nor the clarinet, nor the fife, could for the life of them fit a tune to it; but we will do them the justice to say, that they did the best in their power to suit it, by mixing "long, short, and common metre" tunes together very ingeniously. They tried many ways, and very often—sometimes they would proceed very pleasantly through a few bars; first the bassoon would grumble discordantly,—then the fife would stop playing, although the violins fiddled away most perseveringly. In a little time the clarinet would wander away into a wilderness of sounds, lose itself and die in the distance with a feeble quaver, and lastly, a crash of discord would end the matter; and then came a new trial. But all would not do—and so, as a last resource, the old clerk got up, and to our utter astonishment, whistled a tune, which the choir caught cleverly; and the fiddles rejoiced, the clarinet went into ecstasies, the fife flourished wonderfully, the bass viol solemnly sounded—and the church-warden's face brightened up—so did the beadle's; the boys also bawled lustily; and from that time to this Palm Sunday and Whistling Sunday have ever been with us synonymous terms.

Musical Review.

Gems of German Song. Eighth Series.

Messrs. George P. Reed & Co. have issued four numbers of the Eighth Series of their valuable miscellany of German Songs. These are:

1. *The Orphan Wanderer*, by CURSCHMANN, to whom we have already owed some fine songs. The German words here are not given, which detracts from the complete idea of the "Gems." The English words are tame as poetry, but singable. The melody is a simple, mournful one in F minor, 4-4 measure, the accompaniment broken into arpeggio triplets in the right hand, with firm octaves in the bass. It brightens into the major of the key at the last lines of each verse, where the wanderer sees a ray of light. An easy, pretty song enough, but hardly a gem among so many choice and shining ones as Schubert, Schumann, Franz, and others have produced.

2. *A Song is oft the Sigh of Anguish*, by C. KREUTZER. Merely English words again, and very tame and prosy ones. The music simple and hardly above the average of the lesser host of German song-writers.

3. *To the Sunshine*, by SCHMANN:—*O Sonnenschein! O Sonnenschein!* The German words are given, with a translation that comes nearer to their meaning than their melody; but they sing easily. The music has a corres-

ponding playful quaintness and is charmingly original. This is a gem.

4. *Ah! had I Pinions*, by RAHLES. English words only. A simple, pleasing style of Allegretto song, but not enough unlike a thousand others.

Rondo Capriccioso, for the Piano, by MENDELSSOHN. (9 pages.)

Oliver Ditson has done us a good service by the publication of this charming, characteristic fancy of the rare composer. The work is finely conceived and gracefully finished, consisting of a noble and delicately ornate Andante introduction in 4-4, key of E major, followed by one of those airy, fairy minor dances, in light (*Presto leggiero*) 6-8 measure, which are the genuine and undisputed property of Mendelssohn. Jaell, Dresel and others proved its fascination in last winter's concerts. It is not very difficult, but requires a light, rapid, and unflagging finger.

The Beauties of "Rigoletto," by VERDI.

Under this title Mr. Ditson is publishing a series of twelve numbers of the opera, which has just been exciting attention in Europe. They are arias, ballatas, cavatinas, cabalettas, duettos, &c., arranged with piano accompaniment, and with Italian and English words. This is a copy from a Vienna edition, designed for popular effect, in which the original key is freely altered to suit common voices. Each title-page bears a lithograph representation of the famous quartet scene; also a thematic index to the whole series. The melodies are pretty and Verdi-like,—some of them indeed seem like Verdi gone to seed. But of the two already published, the duet: *Addio speranza* has considerable beauty. The other, a very simple cavatina: "Love is the soul, &c.," is of that taking, sentimental style which always enjoys a large popularity; though it seems to us such a thing as Verdi might in his common-place moods produce by force of habit, rather than to have sprung from any vital inspiration.—It would have made the edition more interesting if to each song had been attached the name of the dramatic character to whom it belongs in the opera: but that might have sadly interfered with the unlimited license of *transposition*!

Six Celebrated Duets, by MENDELSSOHN.

Published by Reed & Co. That word "celebrated" makes an awkward title; it is too much of the vulgar, show-bill order of announcement for so select a name as Mendelssohn. But we find the true thing when we look inside. The two last numbers of the six are just issued, called "Evening Song" and "The Voyage," with German words by Henri Heine, and a somewhat literal English version. Heine's name, however, is not mentioned, as it ought to be. These duets are simple, in that sweet, dreamy, pensive, wild, old ballad-like vein of melody, which came so native to the composer. They both deserve popularity, and are likely to have it.—The three earlier numbers of the series were published separately some time since, and are here grouped with these which were originally not published with them. They are, "I would that my love;" "Greeting;" and "O wert thou in the cauld blast," in which last Mendelssohn has so fully caught the spirit of the old Scotch melody.

Fine Arts.

The Athenæum Gallery.

The Athenæum exhibition has now been open for some time, and the visitor is well rewarded for an hour spent there. It is, as it seems to us, the best collection that has been exhibited for several years; larger and more tastefully arranged than usual, and including, with the well known pictures so familiar for many years to the visitors of the Athenæum, a very considerable number of works by both ancient and modern artists, never before exhibited here, the property of private individuals, who deserve the grateful thanks of the public for thus liberally making them accessible and visible to all. The importance of the benefit thus conferred cannot be too highly estimated, nor can the good effect on Art and artists be too strongly dwelt

upon. We have no princes here, as in the older countries, who can throw open to public inspection the priceless treasures of their galleries,—the accumulation of centuries. We have few or no private collections of works of Art. These luxuries are for the great and the rich alone to possess, and the moderate share of wealth that falls even to the most favored of us, under our institutions, renders it impossible that any individual should have more than a very few treasures of this sort. The best of which most of us are able to boast, is perhaps a choice engraving or two, or a plaster cast of some master-piece of sculpture. We have no Guidos, no Claudes, no Canovas, no Allstons, in our rooms. Yet the love of Art, in some form or other, is universal, and the craving must be satisfied; thus we adopt the democratic fashion of establishing, as best we may, public institutions, such as the Athenæum, (which reflects such honor on the city of Boston), which shall be open to all, at a moderate price, and where all may see such works of ancient and modern Art, the productions of native and foreign genius, as the means of such institutions can collect.

We have princes, too,—our Merchant Princes—(the true prince), whose forethought and liberality long ago founded this Institution, and still maintain it. They scour the whole world in search of gain, and scarce anywhere can you go that you do not come across a Boston merchant; and there are few who come home, bearing their sheaves with them, who do not also bring some picture, some statue, some beautiful memento of foreign lands to ornament their New England homes. Nor need we say that our true prince does not hide his light under a bushel. He does not keep his pictures secluded in his darkened best parlor, all the year round, but here they are, all hanging on the walls of the Athenæum, to be seen by all men. The catalogue is full of the names of our public spirited-citizens who so nobly share their abundance with us all. All honor to them! They have done well, and we trust this spirit will still more prevail, and that we may occasionally see more, in this way, of the treasures that ornament the drawing-rooms of our city.

Our visits to the Athenæum have not been to criticise, but to enjoy, and so, now that we have pen in hand, we will not play the part of critic, but rather of *cicerone*. There is much in this exhibition of what we want most to see—of *American Art*. Many names in the history of Art among us are here represented; from the venerated name of ALLSTON, whose great unfinished last work, (like the antique Torso,) attracts irresistibly the attention of the appreciating visitor, down to the very latest of our resident artists who exhibits his first picture. Kensett, Ames, Champney, Wild, Hunt, 'Young America,' are all there, and honorably represented. Of Page we see nothing but the beautiful "Holy Family," full of the promise which late accounts (placing him at the head of modern artists in Rome,) tell us he has amply fulfilled. Has no one a specimen of his later pictures?

Two fine pictures by Leutze are among the chief attractions of this exhibition: "The Landing of the Northmen," and "Columbus' Reception at Barcelona by Ferdinand and Isabella, on his return from his first voyage." These pictures are fine specimens of Leutze's style, and attract universal attention. They are owned by gentlemen of Philadelphia, and have never before been exhibited here. But we have neither the space nor the ability to speak critically of them, but must pass on to the Gallery of Sculpture.

It may be that our great American composers are yet unborn, but it is now no longer asked: "Who reads an American book?" (for nobody reads anything else,) and the transcendent merit

of our American Sculptors stands everywhere acknowledged and confessed. And here are fine specimens of all of them. Crawford's "Orpheus," and Brackett's "Shipwrecked Mother," (concerning which a very interesting letter from the late Horatio Greenough will be found in the Catalogue,) are the chief of the larger works of our sculptors; and many fine busts by Greenough, Powers, Clevenger, Crawford, Dexter, R. S. Greenough, and others, are there, doing no small honor to the artists. Our sculptors surely live, and will live as long as the marble in which they have wrought shall endure. But we must bring this rambling talk to a close, and recommend all who are doomed to pass the sultry summer in the hot city, to spend occasionally, a leisure hour at the Athenæum Gallery.

If you cannot take wing and go to the Falls, the Sea-side or the Crystal Hills, like your more favored neighbor; go and take a refreshing look at the skies, and lakes, and mountains, that our artists have brought down here to your very door. Here is the mountain come down to meet you, O Mahomet! Go and look upon it! You need not look always upon bricks and mortar; here are blue skies, green meadows, and cool, flowing streams, where you may wander in imagination at your pleasure. Italy and New Hampshire are spread out before you. Open your eyes and be glad!

We would also, especially direct the attention of strangers to an Institution which by its Gallery of Fine Arts, and not less by its Library, fills so important and honorable a place among the institutions of our city. W.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 13, 1853.

Music at the Museum.

It has not been in our power to be present since the re-opening of this little pet theatre of Boston, which has long since acquired the character of affording, in the long run and the year round, the best as well as the cheapest dramatic entertainment, and which, guarantying the absence of many of the old vices of the theatre, has won over many a moral enemy to theatres and actors, and made its spectacles and plays a favorite resort for families with and for the sake of the children. We are told, that, in addition to the annual *renaissance* of paint and paper, the orchestra has begun to make all vibrate with unmistakable symptoms of new life. Mr. HERMANN ECKHARDT, the successor of Mr. COMER in the directorship, passed the opening ordeal to the satisfaction of all; and by his own spirited compositions (among which we hear of waltzes "worthy of Labitzky," and an overture woven out of national airs with "no small skill of counterpoint") actually inspired the hope of good times coming in the way of popular theatrical music. We can readily believe it, for Mr. Eckhardt is known to us as a good musician from the time that he first appeared among us as conductor of the "Saxonia Band," when he conducted Haydn Symphonies as well as waltzes. Before that, he had formed his artistic ideas and habits in so musical a capital as Dresden, where he played in the orchestra of the Royal theatre and chapel for five years under the celebrated Richard Wagner, and is of course familiar with what is classical, and what is new of note in music.

In the Museum, Mr. Eckhardt is placed, to be sure, over a sphere of light, popular, *ad captandum* music, where ears uncultivated are to be won, and very listless, roving, careless thoughts pre-occupied. But it is an important sphere to preside over. The Museum, thanks to Mr. Kimball, is essentially the people's and the children's place for imagination-kindling amusement. Amusement it must be first of all, and all its appeals must be exciting, piquant, quickly apprehended, engaging the senses first, and then through them the mind, the heart and even the higher spiritual faculties and aspirations. A vast deal of culture, we all know, may come through amusement. And a well-ordered theatre, if only Art and Taste and Genius preside, instead of the mere mountebank tact and talent for clap-trap, combines all the means for infusing fine artistic culture in the shape of mere amusement.

What might not be made of those fairy spectacles which have enjoyed such popularity at the Museum. Suppose that, instead of the harrowing martyrdom of a "Jewess," and such feasts of horrors, enuring the delicate moral palate to most questionable mustard and red pepper, we could have something as fine and as instinct with genius, as the "Midsummer Night's Dream" represented on the stage, with the young Felix Mendelssohn's felicitous, congenial music! Something far short of that, even, were a consummation devoutly to be wished for. We are glad to learn that Mr. Eckhardt has had experience in the art of arranging musical spectacles, in which our friend COMER has long been so serviceable.

It is from this point of view that we regard it as a fact worth notice that an artist takes the lead of the Museum orchestra. Why shall it not lead by due degrees to the building up and making permanent there a really fine orchestra. There is nothing like an orchestra for giving people an idea, a sense of real music. And there is no place in Boston, (if we except the churches and the streets most paraded through by military bands,) where the *people*, the masses, especially the rising generation, get their ideas of music formed so much as at the Museum. Think of the responsibility of that, Mr. Kimball! think what an opportunity! Can a public-spirited, philanthropic manager be willing to have humdrum, empty, mere foot-lifting music in his theatre, when he is able to have good. But of that ability of course we are not the judge. We simply throw out a hint of what may be done in raising and refining popular taste in places and through instrumentalities which have already won and for a long time held the prestige of popularity.

The Prelude.

We translate the following from the first part of a critique, in the *Gazette Musicale*, on the "Twenty-four Preludes" of Stephen Heller, already noticed in this Journal.

"The Prelude is a form given by nature, and of which Art has no right to take possession save on the condition of leaving it that character of liberty, of spontaneity, of audacity, which must ever remind us of its origin. One prelude in all things and for all things: but in music alone have the great masters adopted the prelude into the order of regular things, under the semblance of an absolute independence; and this is what constitutes the real difficulty of the genus. There

are fixed points in the concerto, in the sonata, just as there are in a sermon: with a little practice and a little *savoir faire*, these fixed, conventional formulas, so far from cramping one, become a support. The prelude lives only by the idea, the sentiment that there is in it, and as it does not live a long time, it is bound to produce its effect forthwith. It has not the resource of long developments, or charmingly contrived returns; it has only the aid of surprise. We can always dispense with it: which is one more reason why it should carry the vote at once and justify its usefulness by pleasure.

"In our days, when there is such exploitation of all sorts of means, when lassitude is fashionable, especially among critics, it has often happened to me to read judgments upon dramatic works, expressed as follows: 'This piece pleases me, precisely because it is not a piece.' Might we not say also of such or such a prelude: 'This piece pleases me because it is not a piece.' But if it is not a piece, it should be something which gives us the desire for one, which opens at some corner the perspective of one, which inspires occasionally a regret that the author has stopped in so beautiful a road and so soon, as in a conversation interrupted at the most interesting point.

"I do not profess to write the theory of the prelude, but I could not help saying what has come into my mind on hearing and reading the charming collection which Stephen Heller has just published. It is in studying his fine and delicious compositions that the rules of the genus have appeared to me, and that, following the example of makers of an *Ars Poetica*, from Aristotle down, I have deduced the principle from the fact. All the natural conditions of the prelude, Stephen seems to me to have realized. I will say more: If Stephen Heller had not composed preludes, he would have violated one of the essential laws of his destiny and his vocation. By temperament, by taste, by instinctive and reflective tendency, he belongs to that class of minds, who, without precisely having a *fear of long works*, love much better to *gather the flower of a matter*, than to *exhaust it*. He is the sworn enemy of those people who incrust themselves in a happy word and never let it go before they have made a silly common-place of it. Music also has its happy words; and it is a fault, alas! too common, to spoil them by wanting to exaggerate and prolong their impression.

"In the twenty-four preludes of Stephen Heller are found some, like the first for example, which are less than a page in length: the longest are three pages, and most of them are only two. Each is distinguished by its movement, its color, and all together offer the merit of an extreme variety. I doubt not that their places have been marked with care in the collection, while at the same time chance may not have passed for nothing. It is a powerful attraction, that of contrast, and Stephen has known how to secure it very skilfully. To those who are not acquainted with his style or works, I should in vain attempt to convey a comprehension of what there is truly superior and exquisite in this suite of little pieces, some sad and dreamy, but with an amiable sadness and spiritual dreaminess; others impetuous, impassioned, but with a passion which has nothing brutal nor savage. Fortunately, the talent of Stephen Heller enjoys so large a popularity in France, in Germany, in England, that I may dispense

with any definition. In his preludes, as in all his previous productions, he has written not a phrase, a note without knowing why. Nothing escapes him that is insignificant, indifferet, vague. It is always the tradition of the immortal Haydn, the master of masters in the art of writing with distinctness and with spirit. It is always a music with which the mind is satisfied, at the same time that the ear is seduced and charmed."

The Chimes of Lancashire.

(Extract from a private letter.)

ADELPHI HOTEL, LIVERPOOL, }
Tuesday, July 19, 1853. }

We arrived in the noble, broad river Mersey, the harbor of this great city, Sunday morning about six o'clock, and in two hours more were passed through the Custom House without trouble, and were seated at breakfast in the charming, quiet coffee-room (*just like the Albion*), in which I now write.

Now let me tell you, my delights began. Hearing a most musical sound swelling on the air above the noise of the carriages in the street, I asked the waiter, (a clergyman, as the Americans call them, for all the waiters here dress in black, with white cravats,) "Is that a chime?" "Yes sir," said he, "it's the chime of old St. Peter's Church, sir, close by, sir, in the next street, sir, Bold Street, sir, opposite and turn to the first right, sir." Leaving my breakfast half finished, I had seized my hat, and was at the hall door before he had concluded his information. Guided by the sound, I found the queer old tower, and soon groped my way up a narrow stone staircase, to the ringer's chamber. Ten men, mostly old men, were all lustily pulling at the ropes, and I sat with them half an hour. Lancashire is the head-quarters of bell-chiming, and Liverpool is the capital of Lancashire, and this was the best chime in Liverpool:—and all this heard within half an hour of landing. When I told the ringers I had come from America that morning, specially to hear the chimes of Old England, and that this was the first I had heard, I thought they would have smothered me with all sorts of civilities. An English gentleman since told me, that if you wish to win the heart of a Lancashire man, it is only necessary to "like the bells." But wherever I have been in these three days—whoever I have met, I have invariably found that it is only necessary to mention that I am an American, to ensure the utmost cordiality and heartfelt politeness. Shamefully, abominably, do our travelling countrymen misrepresent this most amiable and hospitable people. I cannot conceive the reason, unless it be the old Revolutionary grudges; quite sure am I that the feeling is all on our side. I can't say enough on this point. Every face brightens up at once with an expression of kind interest when you mention America here. You must see it to believe this after all the lies which the thin-skinned Yankees have told us.

"Native Musician." No. 2.

Boston, August 9th, 1853.

To the Editor of the Journal of Music.

DEAR SIR:—I was present at the performance of the Germania Serenade Band upon the Common last Wednesday evening, and I think it must have been very gratifying to the performers themselves to have had the nearly exclusive plea-

sure of hearing their own sweet artistic sounds.—Throughout the performance of part first, had not my attention been startled occasionally by a blast from some *brassy* instrument, I should have thought that a large portion of their programme consisted entirely of *Rests*. But in part second they seemed to gain new animation, and could be heard somewhat better, yet not sufficiently to please the audience. I think the Boston Brass Band, or the Brigade Band, with their brilliant pieces, would have been far preferable to seven-eighths of the people present on that occasion.

Part third, in regard to hearing, was about the same as part first, with the exception of two pieces, one of which you, in your last number, seemed to infer as "*hacknied*." I mean Yankee Doodle. Hail Columbia, if I mistake not, you, in a former number of your Journal, have called *hacknied*. This they also performed. My dear sir, I, for one can never listen to my country's national melodies but with feelings of pleasure and delight; and in saying this, I feel confident that I speak the sentiment of every true American; but I presume your foreign ideas prevent you from thinking so.

P. S.—In my note of the 19th of July, which you published in your Journal, I noticed that you left out (by mistake, probably, in reading the proof-sheet) the letter *t* in the word "*contents*;" also you put a small *a*, instead of a capital, at the commencement of the word "*American*." But I excuse you, on the ground that you might have been excited by reading the *touching remarks* it contained at the time you revised the proof for the press.

Yours Respectfully,

NATIVE MUSICIAN.

[We trust the writer will favor our columns occasionally with communications as curt and spicy as the above, and one before. As to the "*contents*," there was no neglect of proof-reading, but the note was printed *literatim et punctatim* after the MS., which is scrupulously preserved. Two theories of the peculiar spelling suggested themselves: one was hurried penmanship, the other was illiterate origin. Now the moral *animus* of the note naturally inclined us to the latter theory; for, if a blackguard may be presumed to wear a slouched hat, so the writer of an ill-tempered anonymous squib may very naturally be not entirely precise in his spelling.—ED.]

["Native Musician" may now sound his B for "a spell," we think.—Printer.]

The Rhenish Men Song Union.

The New York papers announce the arrival in that city of one of those German companies of male part-singers, so celebrated in Europe, and one of which (the Cologne Union) has recently produced so great a sensation in London, by a series of ten concerts, of which we have already copied some accounts.

The Union now in New York is called the *Rheinischer Männer Gesang Verein*, and includes, as we are informed by private letter, the solo quartet singers of the aforesaid Cologne Union. This Quartet have sung together during the last six years in the principal cities of Northern Germany, and have been crowned as the best Quartet at nearly all the great German Song Union festivals. Their *repertoire* consists of nearly two hundred pieces, consisting of quintets, quartets,

trios, duets and solos, exclusively of German composers, such as Kücken, Mendelssohn, Zöllner, Gade, Marschner, Fesca, Lachner, Becker, Wagner, Ries, Weber, Reichardt, &c. (By the way, the one fault found with the Cologne singers by the London critics was the second or third-rate character of too many of the compositions which they sang. This need not be, and we trust *here* will not be, as they have plenty of first-rate ones to draw from.) They are said to excel in slow music, yet they sing several comic pieces with great humor, delicacy and exactness. The voices are good, and the first tenor sings the *C sharp* above the lines with full chest voice.

They are accompanied by Sig. CRUVELLI (or Herr Krüvell), a baritone, who is a brother of the prima donna Cruvelli, and has a fine voice, though with little school. It is their intention to engage GÖCKEL the pianist, who as pupil of Mendelssohn gave a concert not long since in New York, and little PAUL JULIEN with his violin, and with this array of talent to commence from New York a concert tour through the United States.

Such is the account we have of them; but of course the proof of the pudding is in the eating. We can imagine nothing more interesting or more serviceable to the cause of musical taste in this country, than to have our people hear a model of the fine part-singing of Germany; especially if we could have a full chorus, like the Cologne Union:—why cannot this quartet constitute itself the heart and nucleus of a larger band of singers, who may be easily found and trained, if *they* (the quartet) are all that is represented?

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

NEWPORT.—The "GERMANIANS," with the assistance of OTTO DRESEL, have been giving a series of classical *matinées musicales* in the hall of the Ocean House. The following was the programme for Friday noon, Aug. 5th:

PROGRAMME.

1. Quartetto No. 2, D minor, for two violins, viola and violoncello,.....Mozart.
Allegro moderato.
Andante.
Menuetto allegretto.
Allegretto ma non troppo.
Performed by Schultze, Meissel, Meyer and Luhde.
2. Trio in C minor, op. 66, for piano, violin, and 'cello,.....Mendelssohn.
Allegro energico e con fuoco.
Andante espressivo.
Scherzo, molto allegro quasi presto.
Finale, allegro appassionato.
Performed by Otto Dresel, Schultze and Luhde.
3. Septetto, op. 20, in E flat major, for violin, viola, 'cello, contrabasso, clarinetto, horn and fagotto,.....Beethoven.
Adagio, allegro.
Scherzo.
Andante con variazione.
Performed by Schultze, Meyer, Luhde, Balcke, Schulz, Küstenmacher and Thiede.

ALFRED JAEEL has arrived, and the charming little CAMILLE URISO is the pet here as everywhere. The Germanians gave their first *Soirée Dansante* at the Atlantic House, on Thursday evening.

We understand that the Germanians have deputed one of their number to Europe to engage new members for their orchestra. They propose to increase their regular force to *forty* instruments against the winter campaign in Boston. This, with such assistance as they can command from *quasi* members resident in and about Boston, will enable them to man a Beethoven symphony with *fifty* instruments. What will they have to fear from Jullien and all his hosts?

NEW YORK.—The great JULLIEN, the "Mons," and grand mogul of "monster concerts," has arrived, and puts up at the Clarendon. Dodworth's Band have serenaded him. The next steamers will bring his principal

artists, such as ANNA ZERR, the high-voiced soprano, BOTTESINI, the king of contrabassos, WUILLE, the hornist, LAVIGNE, the oboist, KOENIG, the cornet-a-piston player, &c. &c.:—a goodly number of prime artists for a nucleus; the rank and file of the hundred, or musically speaking, the *ripienists*, will, we presume, be picked up in this country. Shop windows are full of portraits of the great Jullien and his men; one or two of them fine-looking fellows, while the bright, *qui-vive*, shrewd, Jewish, Leopold de Meyer-like face of the "Mons" himself, looks the impersonation of an advertisement.

Music publishers have Jullien waltzes *ad libitum*; and the London *Musical World* has teemed, for weeks and weeks past, with a seemingly ever "to be continued" romantic and thrilling biography of Jullien, from the time of his infant Mozart-ship up to his present full-blown summer,—all nicely cooked and savored for the American market. We shall see what we shall see; if he does *well*, he shall surely have credit for it. But the "mons" that trumpets its labor too ferociously, is apt to awaken expectation of a—

Jullien is to open at Castle Garden on the 25th. Thence the SONTAG opera will remove to Niblo's, to commence there on the 26th.

GOTTSCALK is in New York again, and may be expected to give concerts soon. We trust that he will let himself be heard in Boston.

LIMA.—The Spanish papers of this city are still full of the unbounded praise of BISCIACCIANTI. The poetic rhapsodies, the triumphal doves and processions, (such as that of which we copied a description not long since,) the earnest solicitations through the newspapers for the repetition of this or that "sublime" rôle, are all characteristic of the South American Spanish enthusiasm. Making all allowance for that, her genuine artistic success must still have been very great. The Signora's health obliges her to desist from singing for the present, but the management have made her the most liberal offers, and the opera-going public seem determined to have her re-engaged at any price, and made the fixed star there during the next autumn and winter. Catharine Hayes arrived at Lima, heard the Biscaccianti, and at once passed on to Valparaiso.

Private letters inform us that our Boston prima donna has improved wonderfully in voice, in singing, and above all in acting, so as to be considered there as really a *great actress*. We wish her continuance of all success there or elsewhere; but in the Spring, at all events by May, our new Boston opera house will be ready for opening; and what artist can more fitly appear at that opening, and lend lustre (whether alone or with other stars) to the first season, than our own Boston Biscaccianti! We trust the directors will see their interests, as well as the public pleasure, in taking early measures to procure her. It is some five years since we have heard her here in opera. If her gain in acting has been equal to her gain in singing, as we heard her in her concert after her second return from Europe, she is indeed an artist. More anon.

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